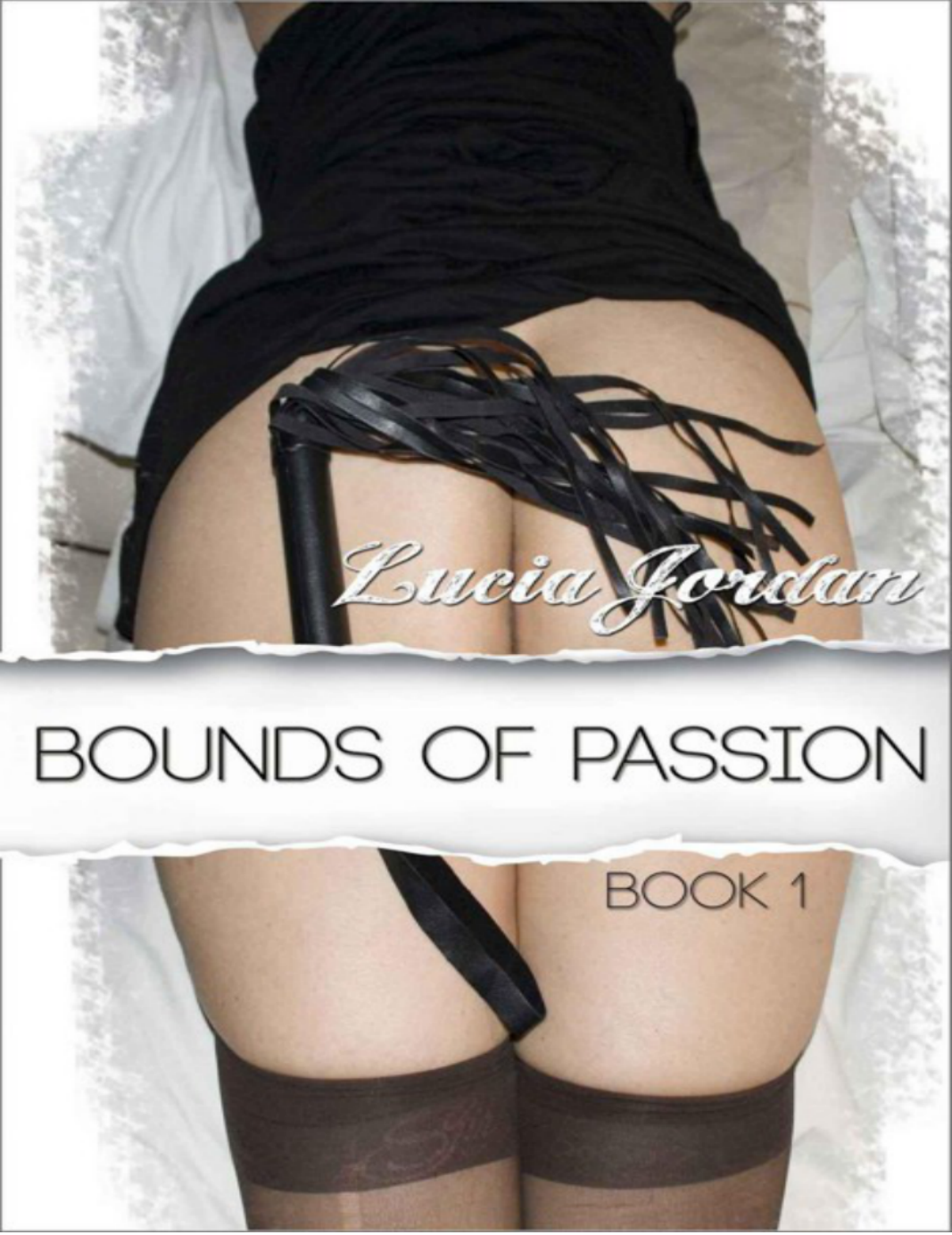

BOUNDS OF PASSION

BOOK 1

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Dedication

Thank you to all my readers and fans. Your loyalty and support has meant everything to me since the beginning. I hope you enjoy the story.
I couldn't write it without you.

Thank you!

Chapter One

Lydia could feel the man beneath her weakening and he was silently mouthing at her to stop – wait, to give him a minute, but she couldn't – not when she was so close to her own climax. Just five more minutes and she would come, please don't make it stop she thought as she squeezed her thighs tighter around him – she could feel the man's cock twitching and threatening to spill inside her.

"Don't you fucking dare," she snarled from above him. She flicked her long dark hair over her shoulder and bared her teeth. "I'm so fucking close, don't you even-" but her words came too late as Andy moaned and grabbed her hips as his orgasm came. Irritated, Lydia batted his hands away and dismounted him even before he had finished ejaculating.

"You fucking idiot," she said, throwing her silk kimono on as she slipped off the bed. "You selfish fucking twat," and fuming she stomped into the bathroom, slamming the door on her lover.

In the privacy of the en suite, Lydia fell to the floor and leaned against the sink and let her own fingers explore herself. She was wet with semen and her own juices, and she lubed up her clitoris expertly. Using the tiniest pressure and slick rhythm, she brought herself off in the bathroom, making no effort to disguise her orgasmic cries. Let him hear. It was his own fault he couldn't bring her off. None of them could… they all finished too soon.

Lydia slumped against the sink and sighed as her pleasure died. As always when she pleasured herself, it was short lived but powerful. She considered going back in and telling Andy to ready himself for another round, but as she exited the en suite, her short and slightly portly lover had his clothes on and was making for the door. He stopped as she came out in her unfastened kimono and rolled her eyes.

"You can't speak to me like that," he said quietly. "I've had enough, Lyd. See you around," and he went out, down the steps and out of the front door. Lydia heard tqhe lock click as the door shut and she sat down wearily on the bed.

"What's wrong with me?" she said out loud. No one answered, and she slept alone that night.

*

"So he left, that's it, really," Lydia explained to her friend Carol through a mouthful of apple pie. "Good riddance, really."

"Jesus, Lyds, you get through more men!" Carol grinned over her coffee. They were at their favourite coffee shop after a mornings shopping and

bitching. Lydia had just told the story of Andy's departure, not leaving out any juicy details. Why should she? She and Carol were best friends since high school, and there was no shame in admitting that her lover hadn't had it in him to get her off.

"They're all shit," Lydia replied. "Find me a man, Carol. One who won't fucking spunk all over the bed sheets before I've even started to enjoy myself."

"If I find him, I'm having him first," Carol laughed. "Maybe you need to try something different," she suggested. "Are you still just doing vanilla sex?"

"Depends what you mean," Lydia said. "I've used handcuffs and dildos and stuff before."

"I'm talking really hardcore. You know, whips, chains, bondage, BDSM," Carol stirred her drink wistfully. "You remember Ben? He was into all that. I had some orgasms, I can tell you."

"So how do you get into that stuff?" Lydia pushed her plate away. "Are there clubs and stuff?"

"They generally don't admit newbies like you or me… Why not go on a site and ask for a fuck-buddy? Someone who can show you the ropes, so to speak?"

"I hate internet dating."

"This is more like internet fucking," Carol laughed. "Come on, I know you went on that swingers site once."

"Which was a total disaster," Lydia grinned. "He brought his wife with him, which I totally didn't expect, so I had to get rid of them both before someone saw!" she roared with laughter.

"So did you fuck them?"

"That'd be telling."

"I bet you did, you slut!"

"If I'm a slut, then I got it from you," Lydia smirked. "Oh, god, Carol has it really come to this? BDSM? Should I buy a leather catsuit?"

"Ask your fuck-buddy," Carol drained her coffee. "He might have some recommendations."

The two friends parted company and the conversation left Lydia wondering. She was a prolific sex-seeker, but Carol was right… She was a vanilla woman at the end of the day. She imagined being tied up and whipped with a stick, but it didn't seem to be turning her on. Maybe she did need someone to introduce her into this new world, someone who could teach her and show her how it was done. She raced to the bus and got straight onto her smartphone to check out the sites. She had to shield her phone from the other passengers, and when she got home, she had joined 'BDSM Life Online', placed an advert for a 'partner' and had listed her credentials.

As she cooked her dinner she kept refreshing the connection on the phone, eager to see if anyone had yet replied to her ad. There was a tingling in her

stomach as her anxiety increased. She was still unsure if she would reply even is she did get a message. She kept checking but drew nothing but a blank screen and eventually she just gave up.

There were no replies that night, and Lydia went to sleep in her clean white bed feeling ever so slightly disappointed.

Chapter Two

Lydia woke early and began her usual morning routine. She went for a light jog, showered, got ready for work and ate her breakfast. As she sat at the table she kept thinking of the dream she had that night. It had been both a little frightening and slightly erotic. She remembered vaguely that a dark, handsome and mysterious man had kidnapped her and taken her to a huge room in some strange building.

She had been blindfolded and tied to a chair however the more she tried to recall what had happened next, the more hazy it got. This train of thought reminded her of the ad she had placed the previous day and she stared at the screen excitedly as she switched on her phone.

There was one single message and she put her glasses on to read it.

Dear Lydia,
My name is Jack Riding. I am a professional, lifestyle dominant male, and I was interested to read your advertisement.
I specialise in introducing newbies and vanilla lifestyles to our darker, forbidden world. I refuse to switch to a submissive role, something people often find difficult to deal with; I hope you are more understanding.
If you wish to discuss a potential partnership, please meet me at the Coffee Shop Corner at noon. I am there most days. I will be wearing a pair of blue glasses – they are quite distinctive.
Looking forward to our potential relationship,
Jack Riding.

Lydia took a deep breath and read the email several times. It was an internet dating nightmare all over again. Meet me here; I'll be wearing that. Typical. She closed her phone down and lay staring at the ceiling, tempted to ignore the message and carry on hunting for that pleasure-giver in the flesh. Then the words of Carol floated back into her mind.

"I am too vanilla," she said to herself. "Fuck it, I'll go. If he's not what I'm looking for I can always leave – pretend I never saw him. After all, he doesn't know what I look like," she threw back the covers and stood naked in front of the full-length mirror. She tilted her dark head on one side as she assessed her body.

She was a short woman, and had worked hard to maintain a slender physique. She kept her hair long to make herself look taller, and wore clothes that accentuated her breasts – in her opinion, they were her best asset. She smiled. She would blow him away, whoever he was.

Lydia picked out a pair of her skinny jeans and a logo-splattered t-

shirt. She had no intention of 'trying too hard', and the twenty-six year old knew that formal clothes would age her, so she dressed casually. The time was right and she went out, walking with her head held high and her conscience clear. She was Lydia Westwood and she was unstoppable.

"Can I get a latte and a muffin, please?" she waited at the counter and scanned the seated customers. No one with blue glasses was in, but then she was a little early. Taking her order, she chose a seat in the window and watched the passers-by.

I wonder how many of them have had a proper orgasm? She thought as she watched the woman trit-trotting past her in their heels. *And how many of these men are capable of giving me one?* She looked at the suits, t-shirts and vests as they patrolled past, with bags or carriers or envelopes. They were all headed somewhere, why wasn't she?

"Lydia Westwood?" a deep, accented voice came from above her. She looked up, surprised that she hadn't noticed anyone approach, and her grey eyes locked onto a tall, suited man's big set of blue ones. He was wearing electric blue spectacles and had the nicest shade of blonde hair Lydia had ever seen on a man. He was smiling in a bemused kind of way and carrying two lattes to go.

"Yes, hello," she started to rise to shake his hand and instead of shaking it, the man helped her to her feet.

"Get your bag, let's go," he indicated the take-away coffees, and Lydia was too surprised to say 'no'. She grabbed her things and followed him out of the shop and stood as he hailed a cab.

"Jack Riding?" she asked, still unsure.

"Who else would it be?" he grinned as a cab pulled up. He held the door open. "Ladies' first," he said and got in after her. The cab pulled off and Jack gave an address in central London.

"Where are we going?" Lydia asked, watching familiar streets turn to unfamiliar ones.

"Back to my place, if you don't mind," he replied, handing her one of the coffees. She sipped it gratefully. "It's easier to do these things in a familiar place," he brought out a piece of paper and handed it to her. "This is a contract," he explained. "You'll want to read it and sign it. I've taken the liberty of signing it already," he pointed to a swirling, artistic scrawl at the bottom of the page.

Lydia read through the page, raising her eyebrows several times as she did so.

The binding contact between Lydia Westwood (sub) and Jack Riding (dom) hereby states that the sub will at all times adhere to any and all instructions given by the dom. The sub has no right to end the scene, except through statement of the Safe Word, hereby designated as **Coffee**.
The scene may include but is not limited to the following activities…

There followed a list ranging from spanking to fisting that made Lydia's eyebrows shoot up in horror. She decided that safe word would be on the tip of her tongue at all times, as the cab pulled up outside a large, three-storey terraced house in the heart of London.

"Are you rich?" she asked as she got out of the vehicle.

"Well, yes, actually," Jack knocked on the door once and a man in a suit answered the door.

"Good afternoon, Sir," he said, opening the door to let his employer in. "Will you be requiring anything?"

"Just the third floor, Brown, thank you," Jack handed his coat to the butler and indicated Lydia should do the same. With a slight incline of the head, the man called 'Brown' disappeared into a different room.

"Should I take my shoes off?" Lydia asked, feeling stupid.

"Yes, that will save some time," Jack smiled. "We'll take the third floor. I hope you are prepared," and he indicated she should lead the way up the oak staircase, smiling politely at her confusion. With each step she was getting closer and closer to something new, something exciting with this man who she could feel following her from behind; his eyes soaking in her body with each and every step. The dream she had remembered earlier that morning popped into her head in its entirety and she smiled as she recalled the images, hoping that dreams really do come true.

Chapter Three

Lydia stood, stripped naked, her arms wrapped protectively around herself in the centre of a large room which was painted a dark, seductive blue. Around her seemed to be weapons of various degrees of distress.

There was a strange seat, like a pommel-horse; a large 'X' shape, complete with buckles at the end of each line; a curved table-like object and an assortment of whips, buckles, chains, straps and handcuffs. Lydia was overcome with curiosity and went to examine the enormous 'X' on the wall. She had just reached up to touch one of the buckles, running her fingers over it when the door to the room opened and shut.

"That's a St. Andrew's Cross," Jack's voice said helpfully. "Would you like to try it?"

"Um," Lydia's hands moved to cover her naked body and she blushed outwardly while inside she burned with excitement. "No, not right now," and she remembered that 'no' wasn't an accepted form of refusal here. But Jack smiled and stepped into the light, so she could see he was entirely naked, too.

He had the toned body of someone who works out but not obsessively. His dark blond hair turned to curls on his breastbone and even darker around his currently flaccid, yet still impressive prick.

"Then we shall start at the beginning, as is correct," he said, as he pointed towards the strange curved table. "Drape yourself over that," he said. "Bottom up."

Lydia crossed the room self-consciously to the soft, padded table and rested her toned stomach over the curve. It was surprisingly comfortable and she felt no muscle strains at all leaning over it. She had just allowed herself to relax when Jack's hand came down upon her with the force of an express train and smacked her on the backside.

"Ow!" she cried reacting without even meaning to. She couldn't believe how much that hurt. She fought to gather herself as a second blow, on the other cheek slapped her back into shock and pain radiated across her buttocks. Then came both hands at once, making hot contact with her sore skin, following the smacks with squeezes that would at any other time be sensual.

It was this moulding of her flesh that made Lydia pause. The heat of the pain was transforming. As her backside was warmed, tiny nerve pulses seemed to be travelling from her wounded flesh to her sex, and she gasped in surprise.

"Shall I go on?" a sarcastic voice above her said.

"Yes," she nodded, and immediately the spanking became harder, faster, almost frenzied. Pain rained down on her backside, but even as it did

so, the blossoming feeling turned from pain to all-consuming warmth. She felt her sex open slightly as if in response to the feeling, and the more Jack touched her, even though it was intended to hurt her, made her want him all the more. Gradually, the slaps stopped, as if Jack's arm was tiring.

"How does that feel?" he asked, massaging her buttocks with both hands – avoiding her sex completely.

"Nice… Nicer than I expected," she replied, wondering if it was all over.

"Good," he said. "Then you'll be fine with what comes next," and he walked over to a wall where he kept various restraints and whips. Lydia craned her head and saw that Jack's penis had sprung to life during her beating. It was now engorged and inviting – the glowing pinkness of his glans made her think of sucking candy. He came back, though Lydia could not see what he carried.

The dark-haired woman flinched as she felt buckles fasten around her ankles – first right, then the left. She tried to move her feet, but found she could not.

"There's a solid bar between your legs to hold them open," Jack explained, tracing a line of fiery desire up her calf, thigh and buttock. "I want to see everything you have," and the fingers traced this time down the valley between her buttocks, over her pink, puckered anus, down her perineum and graced tantalisingly over her sex, which was wet and opening in response to his touch.

"That's… ah," she trembled as his fingers opened the folds of her sex, exposing the entrance to her vagina.

"Soon," he said, pressing a fingertip against her opening. There was a pause, and Lydia wondered what was to happen as she heard a loud 'crack' sound. There was a second where nothing happened at all, and then fire like nothing Lydia had ever felt shot from the back of her thighs, up towards her brain. She did not scream, just moaned as she reached around to try and comfort her legs. Jack batted her hands away and struck her with the riding crop again.

CRACK. All the blood in Lydia's legs went rushing to the injured spot and set alight, burning her skin so she cried. She braced herself for another blow and it came – whipping down with precision aim directly on top of her already scalded flesh. She squealed and wriggled helplessly on the padded table, aware that as she struggled, her sex was betraying her – the warmth from her pain was making her ready, willing and desperate to be filled by her pain-giver.

Lydia could feel her wetness growing and the swell of her clitoris as she moved on the table. Jack delivered less painful but still stinging strikes to the backs of her legs as she wormed about, trying to deny her arousal and escape the burn of the riding crop.

"Had enough?" Jack's voice sounded as though he was enjoying

watching her squirm.

"I… I don't know!" Lydia shook her head to try and clear away the stars she was seeing. Jack ran the riding crop over her sore legs, causing the blood to flood her nether regions and then, slowly, ran the crop over her sex.

Lydia froze as she felt the leather grace over her clitoris, labia and anus, fearing for the damage a blow to them might do. But Jack Riding was kind this time, and simply sought out his submissive's clitoris again and gently rubbed it with the soft end of the riding crop.

It was different to a hand, different again from a sex toy, and the smoothness of the leather running slickly and quickly over her swollen clit made Lydia moan gently. Jack squeezed her slap-marks with his free hand and increased the sensations inside and out of Lydia's body. She surrendered to this new pleasure as the friction increased.

Chapter Four

Jack Riding continued his assault on Lydia's clitoris and she cried out as her pleasure mounted. As she began to twitch with the start of an orgasmic wave, he let the riding crop fall and leaned over her naked back to whisper in her ear.

"Why did you join the website?"

"Because," she gasped. "Because no man has ever been able to make me come before he does when fucking me," she turned her head slightly. "Can you do it?"

"I can't promise anything," Jack replied with a smile. "Now, head down," he pushed her dark locks over her face and took a hold of her hips. "I like a challenge," he added, touching just the tip of his cock to her wetness. She tried to back into him and received a slap on her backside for her trouble. "Keep still," he snapped, and she fought to relax her limbs. Her legs, splayed apart with the restraint revealing and displaying their hidden treasures, which Jack pressed minutely against.

Lydia felt the amazingness of having a lover just touching her – resting his hot, pink glans against her entrance, but not actively seeking it. Her wetness mixed with Jack's pre-cum and they seemed to be joined in the heat of the moment.

Then, with barely any thrusting at all, Jack pressed inside her, slowly entering her passage, whilst all the time stroking her clitoris, gently, gently. Heat radiated all over Lydia's flesh and she felt the wounds Jack had given her glow with a strange mix of pleasure and pain, heightened by this welcome intrusion into her sex. She felt the glowing head of his cock pushing her sex open – making way for the long, thick shaft behind it. She felt, more keenly than before, the way her sex rippled and fluttered over the man's cock, tasting and touching every time morsel of it. It was more intimate than she had ever felt before.

Her clitoris pulsed and twitched as Jack's cock brushed over her g-spot, sending sparks of pleasure over her whole sex. There was a moment where she was sure she would orgasm, and then as Jack squeezed her wounded buttocks again, it dwindled and died frustratingly. Lydia moaned, and her dominant partner gave her another fierce slap – his cock not even halfway inside her yet – it seemed to be a warning against eagerness. The slap made her insides convulse and suck the man's cock deeper inside her body. Jack slapped her again and his erection slipped still deeper within the formerly vanilla woman. Every slap he delivered made his erection inch inside her, and she longed for the next blow, so she could feel all of him.

Twelve blows were delivered before Jack was completely sheathed inside Lydia. He paused, moving slightly as Lydia's passage stretch and fluttered over his large erection. There was a moment where he rolled his hips to feel her width, and Lydia made a small noise of satisfaction. Then, the next steps began.

Jack withdrew quickly and thrust back inside with purpose. There was a beautiful rhythm to his movements, and Lydia responded by raising her hips as best she could to allow him as much depth as she could give. As he inserted himself back inside her, with no resistance, he bumped her cervix, giving another pleasure / pain response in her now willing submissive body. Lydia could feel warm pain as Jack's pelvis hit her slap-marks and whip-lines, but she did not tell him to stop. The combination of pain and pleasure was making her wetter and hotter than ever before, and the idea of being fucked by a complete stranger in his own torture chamber was only a small part of it.

Jack fucked her forcefully, yet slowly, making it clear he was in charge. His thick cock stretched her passage, making her cry out with each sensation – she could feel every bit of him buried inside her. All she needed now was speed.

"Ready?" his voice asked, sounding thick with arousal.

"Yes," she said, gripping the curved table's legs with her hands and taking a deep breath. What happened next she could not have ever imagined. Jack thrust and pounded into her with a speed she had never known from a man before. His thick cock's head rubbed her g-spot gloriously, making her sex seem to catch fire with desire. She threw her head back and made noises like an animal, desperate for this to not be wasted. His finger, still on her clitoris, moved so slightly it could barely have been said to have moved at all, but the movement of his thrusts rubbed her pelvis on his hands and did the work for him.

Lydia felt she was getting herself off on someone else's hands, and she realised this was something she had control over. Every time Jack pounded inside her, she directed her pelvis to hit his fingers and therefore her slick clit. She was so close – if only he wouldn't stop…

And then she realised he wasn't going to stop. She was going to get what she wanted – and more. Her pleasure barrier was dropping and breaking down – sweat formed on her forehead and she could feel her vagina trembling and clenching. She relaxed and then it came.

In waves, producing a wetness she had not expected, washing from her clitoris, through her cunt, down her injured legs and over her injured buttocks. They all seemed to catch fire as the waves of pleasurable pain broke down and made Lydia cry out like she had never done before.

All the while, Jack continued to fuck her, prolonging the sensations and making them more intense. His cock drew out her orgasm and made her ride the waves of pleasure through to the climax of his own. As his last fierce thrusts pushed deep inside her she clenched her fists and closed her eyes as hic

cock erupted and he came inside her; roaring victory as hot semen filled her cunt, overflowing so it dripped down her legs. They stayed connected for a time, Jack's cock pulsing and moving inside Lydia, until he withdrew with a final, knee-shaking blow to her legs with the back of his hand.

"That's lesson one over with," he said, getting his breath back. He knelt to unbuckle the leg restraint and Lydia reached for the floor with her toes, too tired to stand by herself. She stayed leaning on the table, her legs wobbling with pleasure.

"Lesson one?" she gasped.

"Indeed," Jack handed her a glass of water and took a drink himself. "You've only dipped a toe into the waters of my world. Come swim in them with me?"

Lydia looked at her new partner, with his dark blond hair, wet with sweat, and his now flaccid cock that had given her what she most desired. "I wouldn't miss it for the world," she grinned.

Preview from next book in the 'Bound' series: 'Bound Together'

Synopsis: Lydia has survived her first brush with the world of BDSM, but her plunge into dangerous waters has only just begun. Lydia's' feelings for Jack increase as her pain and pleasure do, but how can she distance love and lust in a world dominated by pain?

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Lydia felt the hot head of Jack's cock bump against her cheek and she opened her mouth slightly, wondering if she was ready to receive it. The salty intrusion that opened her jaw fully confirmed it, and she let Jack enter her mouth at his pace, feeling the heat of his glans run over her tongue, and back, towards her tonsils. She swallowed expertly, feeling the secret delight she always had when she was able to deep-throat her lovers. She felt the thick head of Jack's erection slip down her throat and then her nose made contact with his body and she knew he was completely inside her; her mouth and her throat were full of him, and she swallowed around the mass inside her, feeling every little bit of him. Jack hissed in pleasure as she did so, and began to move himself inside her mouth.

Lydia felt her sex tremble and open in response to Jack fucking her mouth. She licked the shaft of his erection, tasting the bitter taste of his pre-cum and sweat. Jack's hand was on her head, and despite her lack of vision, she felt safe and only mildly unsatisfied. What she wished for was for the trusting cock to leave her throat and enter her cunt instead.

As if sensing her need, Jack withdrew with a shudder from Lydia's mouth, leaving saliva and pre-cum filling her mouth, which she promptly swallowed, tasting the man she desired so much. There was the sound of another object being dragged, and then Lydia was brought to her feet, stumbling and gasping.

"What's happening?" she asked, turning her head as if she could make the blindfold disappear.

"What you want," came the soft reply, and Lydia felt herself being turned to face the other way, and Jack's strong hands bringing her closer to him. She could feel the heat of his body on her skin, although she could not see him, and she wondered what was to happen next, before those same strong hands squeezed her wounds of beating and she cried out.

"Ah! That feels hot!" she wriggled slightly in his grasp.

"And does it hurt?" he asked.

"Yeah, it does," she said truthfully.

"And… how does this feel?" without warning, two biting clamps were

clipped into Lydia's nipples and she squealed, trying to bring her hands to her breasts, forgetting they were tied together.

"Ouch! That really stings!" she said, squashing her breasts together with her arms in an effort to prize off the clamps.

"Come here," Jack pulled her towards him, backwards and the backs of her legs met his knees. She realised he was seated and, ignoring the bite of the clamps on her sore nipples, swung a leg over his and backed up, so, if he wished, he could penetrate her and bury his cock, wet from her mouth, inside her open and ready cunt.